

Welcoming Death

Doctor, thank heavens, there you are. Do come in, it's frightful out. That's it, shall I take your long cloak? No? Well that's fine, it's bitter I know. How about your long stick? Shall I prop it in the umbrella stand? No? Oh I see, you need it to climb the stairs. Let me show you up. Mother's in the front bedroom, the one with the fire.

Mother, here's the doctor, don't look so shocked, it's alright mother, he's going to examine you. I'll wait downstairs.

Hello? Doctor? But the doctor's already here, upstairs with mother. Oh my god. Mother!

By Sarah Bartrum

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